

"The Dear Little Shamrock" . . . *Irish Air*

There's a dear little plant that grows in our Isle,
'Twas Saint Patrick himself sure that set it;
And the sun on his labour with pleasure did smile,
And with dew from his eye often wet it.
It shines thro' the bog, thro' the brake and the mire-land,
And he called it the dear little Shamrock of Ireland.

Chorus:

The dear little Shamrock,
The sweet little Shamrock,
The dear little sweet little Shamrock of Ireland.

That dear little plant still grows in our land,
Fresh and fair as the daughters of Erin,
Whose smiles can bewitch, and whose eyes can command
In each climate they ever appear in.
For they shine thro' the bog, thro' the brake and the
mire-land,
Just like their own dear little Shamrock of Ireland.

Chorus:

The dear little Shamrock, etc.

THE BOYS OF THE NATIONAL CHORUS AND FULL CHORUS.